AS SOON AS THE COMPETTION STARTED, THE BOO WIT THE TARGET RIGHT IN THE CENTER,



HET THE EDGE OF THE TARGET

BUT HE LOCKED AT THE BOD WITH AN EASOSOMS SWILE



ARD TOLD HIM

LONG, LONG TWIS AGO IN THIS ONE VILLAGE



THERE LIMED A BOY WHO WANTED TO BE THE OREATEST ARCHER.

ARCHER IN THE WORLD



HE HAD TO BEAT THIS LEGENDARY ARCHER WHO LIVED IN THAT VILLAGE.

## ANN THEN THE WAS ASSESSED. HE



THEN THE LEGENDARY RCHER ANSWERED HIM MOST PEOPLE ONLY FIRE THEIR ARROWS NORROWN ABOUT NEAT THEO/LL HET

> BUT I DO MJ BEST TO PULL ON THE BOWSTRING, AND PORSET ABOUT THE ARROW ONCE IVE LET IT SO







## JINGLE JUNGLE

HERE. DO AND CRECK THE END OF MY ARRON SOULL FIND THE LEFT WIND OF A FLY ON IT



WAYNO CHECKED THE ARROW,



THE BOO HAD TO ADMIT HIS OWN DEFEAT.

IN ORDER TO BE THE WIST



THE BOO PRACTICED DAY AND MONT,

SOMETIMES HE BOT TIRED AND SOMETIMES, HE MADE MISTAKES.



BUT HE NEVER DAVE UP